THE STORY OF FRANCE AND HER MANY RULERS

The Fallen Emperor and Triumphant Statesman.

"Fire, Gentleman of England"

Beside the Altar Stood Joan, Her White Standard in Her Hand.

Dry History Treated From the Human Side and Made an Interesting Narrative

A SCHOOLBOY once said that he would like history if there wasn't so much of it. To a certain extent that is also the ...plaint of the average reader. It is ... province of a history to be complete, ...d that very completeness means the ...rdening of most people's minds with ...nass of material that cannot be ab...bed.

...A new history of France by H. E. ...rshall is soon to be published by the ...orge H. Doran Company, however, in ...ich an attempt has been made to ...minate the cause for this complaint. ...ile the volume is large and the data ...nplete enough for the layman, it is ...l simply the story of France and ... rulers, told in a narrative form. ...ench history is so full of tragedy ...d romance that the author had plenty ... material at hand to make his work ...d like fiction rather than dry as dust ...story.

With anecdote and story, personal descriptions and sidelights on the characteristics of famous people Mr. Marshall carries his readers along cheerily and chattily from the time of the Gauls ... the fall of the Second Empire and ... present republic, only touching the ...h spots of fact and skimming lightly ...er the surface of deep political ...orasses.

He begins with a pen picture of the ...uls on their way to attack Rome, ...e attack which had for one of its ...atures the famous episode of the geese ...ving the alarm that saved the citadel. ...scribing the Gauls he says:

One July day long, long ago, under a ...ue and cloudless sky, a host of fierce, ...ld warriors passed through the sunny ...nds of Italy. These warriors were fair ...d tall. Their eyes were blue, their ...ir and mustaches long and rough. ...ey were gayly dressed and gleamed ...h gold. The huge swords and shields ...ich they carried were decorated with ...d, gold collars were about their ...cks, gold bracelets upon their arms, ...l from their shoulders hung cloaks ...brightly checked and striped cloth.

These warriors were the Gauls. As ...y passed onward the people of Italy ...l before them in terror, and towns ...t their gates against them. But ... vast host swept on, leaving the peo... in peace. "We march to Rome!" ...y cried. "It is against the Romans ...one that we fight; all others are our ...ends."

It is in little known incidents like the ...lowing that the book abounds:

Charlemagne began his conquests by ...arching into Germany and destroying ... mysterious idol called Irmen's Col...an. For three days the Franks ...bored destroying this column and ...mple amid fearful heat beneath a ...azing sun. The summer had been so ...t that even the streams had run dry, ...d the Franks were weary with heat ...d thirst and scarcely able to work. ...hen suddenly it seemed a miracle hap...ened. At midday the dried up bed of ... river all at once began to flow with ...ater, so that every soldier in the army ...as able to quench his thirst. After ...his the Franks completely destroyed ...rmen's Column and the sacred wood ...which surrounded it. Many of the ...axons then allowed themselves to be ...aptized, and taking strong hostages ...with him Charlemagne marched away. ...But the Saxons were by no means ...subdued, and for thirty-three years ...Charlemagne had to fight them again ...and yet again.

The st... ...e crossing of William ... England reads like ...istory. While William made his headquarters at what is now the inn near Cabour he gathered an army from all classes for the invasion of England by promises of English land and spoils.

At length all was ready. But the weather was bad, and for a month and more the ships lay waiting for a fair wind. Then the soldiers as they lay idle began to grumble among themselves.

"Mad and foolish is he who seeks to possess himself of another's kingdom," they said. "God is angry with such, and shows His anger by denying us a fair wind."

When he saw the discontent of his soldiers the Duke too grew anxious. But at length a fair wind blew. One September morning the sun rose in splendor. Soon all the camp was astir. Joyfully the men flocked to the ships. All day there were trumpet calls and noise of shouting. Then as the afternoon sun sloped to the west the great fleet sailed out into the open sea, and a shout of joy went up from 60,000 throats.

The Duke's ship, the Mora, led the way. It was a splendid sight. The sails were colored, and upon them were painted the three lions of Normandy. Upon the prow there was carved a golden boy with a bent bow in his hand leaning forward, as if eager to reach the English shore. From the masthead fluttered the banner sent by the Pope, and there too gleamed a huge lantern as a guide to all the fleet.

The Mora sailed much faster than the other ships, and when morning dawned it was alone upon the empty sea.

Duke William then ordered the master of his ship to cast anchor and sent a sailor to the masthead to look if there were any ships in the distance.

The sailor went and returned. "I see only the sea and the sky," he said.

Nothing daunted, William ordered a good breakfast to be served to all on board, with plenty of strong spiced wine. When breakfast was over the sailor was again sent to the masthead. Shading his keen eyes with his hand from the bright morning light he gazed for a minute or two in silence. There was an anxious, breathless pause. Then with a shout he cried, "I see four ships!"

A third time the sailor was sent to the masthead. This time he had no need to look long. "I see such a number of ships," he cried, "so close together that their masts seem like a moving forest."

Then anxious hope was turned into joy, and followed by the whole of his great fleet, Duke William sailed on and landed at Pevensey without hindrance. For there was no one to guard the shores, for King Harold was far away in York fighting another enemy.

As Duke William leaped eagerly ashore he stumbled and fell. At once a murmur arose from all around. "Ah!" they cried, "what an evil sign is this?"

But Duke William sprang up quickly, and showing his hands full of turf, "By heaven!" he cried, "I have seized England with my two hands."

Then one of his men sprang forward and tearing a handful of thatch from a cottage ran with it to the Duke. "Sire," he cried, "of this land I give you an earnest. Without doubt the country is yours."

"In God's name I accept it," said the Duke.

The tragedic story of the Maid of Orleans is told without any frills whatever.

Far away from the sounds of war in a little village called Domremy there lived a young girl called Joan d'Arc. The wars which had made France a desert had never reached this village, but soldiers came from time to time who told the sad story of loss and ruin. Men and boys left the village to go to fight. Some never returned. Others returned wounded and disheartened. They all told the same tale of towns in ruins, of desolate country, of lost battlefields red with the blood of Frenchmen.

As Joan listened her heart beat fast, tears rose to her eyes. She longed to do something to save her country and her King. But she was only a weak girl of 17. She could neither read nor write. What could she do but pray? So she prayed very earnestly to God and His saints that they would help her beloved country.

Joan thought and prayed so much that at length it seemed to her that she heard voices whisper to her. "Joan," they said, "go and deliver the King of France and give him back his kingdom Put on the courage and armor of a man and lead the armies to victory."

So Joan cut off her long hair, dressed herself in armor, and mounting upon a warhorse she set out upon the long and dangerous journey half across France to Chinon, where the Dauphin was. It was a terrible journey for a young girl to venture upon, for the whole country was full of rough soldiers and robbers, but Joan was not afraid.

She reached Chinon in safety and after much trouble was allowed to see the Dauphin. Among all his courtiers she knew him at once, although to prove her he tried to hide himself among them.

At the coronation of Charles she stood beside the altar holding the white standard bearing the golden lilies that she had adopted as her flag and which was destined to become the French royal emblem.

Next spring she again led her soldiers into the field. But at the siege of Compiegne she was wounded and taken prisoner. Then for a year Joan suffered cruel imprisonments. Both the Burgundians and the English hated her. They feared her, too. She was a witch, they said, and it was from the Evil One she drew her power. So they resolved that she should die. After a long, cruel and unfair trial they condemned her to death. On May 30, 1431, she was burned to death in the marketplace of Rouen.

Yet the king for whom Joan had worked and suffered did nothing. He raised not a finger to save her from a horrible prison and a ghastly death.

Probably no other historian ever made Henry of Navarre appear in a humorous light. In this story of France, however, he certainly does cut rather a comic figure when pictured as coming to the throne so poverty stricken that he could not buy mourning and had to wear his dead King's clothes. In this wise does Mr. Marshall describe Henry's sore straits:

Seldom has a King in coming into his kingdom found it in greater confusion. Henry of Navarre had to fight for his throne, and he had to fight in poverty, for his tiny kingdom of Navarre supplied him with little money. He had not even money enough with which to buy clothes. He could not have worn mourning for the dead King had he not taken Henry III.'s own clothes and had them made to fit himself. How then could he pay for an army to fight his cause?

He had not enough soldiers to go on with the siege of Paris, so he moved away to Normandy and took possession of Dieppe. This was of great use to him, for Queen Elizabeth had promised him help. And in Dieppe he found a port by which he could receive the soldiers which she sent to him.

It was the ninth war of religion which had now begun. And very soon the skill and bravery which Henry showed won many hearts for him. Province after province yielded to the new King.

At length Henry won a great victory at Ivry. The army of the League was much larger than Henry's. But in the hour of danger the King was ever gay and courageous. It was a cold and windy March morning, the ground was heavy with rain and dark rain clouds drove overhead. But gloomy though the day was, it did not damp Henry's spirits.

Gallant and gay and every inch a King he looked as he rode up and down in front of his troops. On his helmet he wore a great white plume, which the March wind tossed this way and that. Upon his horse's head there was another.

"Comrades," cried Henry, "God is with us! There are your foes! Here is your King! Up and at them! If you lose your standard follow my white plume. You will find it ever on the road to honor, and, please God, to victory."

Politeness on a battlefield and the etiquette of combat seem to have reached the limit in the incident he relates concerning the battle of Fontenoy.

It was a terrible battle, and even the French, who won, lost 7,000 men. It is one of the greatest victories ever won by the French over the British. Louis himself was present, and the Dauphin also. Never since Poitiers had the King of France fought with his son beside him. Never since the days of St. Louis had a French King won a great victory over the British, and it is strange to think that it was left to one of the least gallant of French kings to win this one.

Yet at Fontenoy the French were commanded by an invalid, Marshal Saxe. He was so ill that he could not sit on his horse, but was carried in a litter.

At 5 o'clock on a May morning the fight began. For four or five hours the cannon thundered. The British fire was terrible, yet the French withstood it.

Then the British leader ordered the infantry to advance. On they marched in spite of a murderous cross fire, which mowed them down whole ranks at a time, until they almost reached the French lines.

The English officers saluted. "Gentlemen of the French Guard," they cried, "Fire!"

"Fire yourselves, gentlemen of England; we never fire first," replied the French. So the British fired. Almost the whole first rank of Frenchmen fell. Again the British advanced. Again they fired with such deadly effect that the French gave way before them.

An interesting bit near the very end of this story of France is the pitiful incident of how Napoleon III. heard of the collapse of all his ambitions through the lips of a newsboy. When Napoleon saw that a further defence of Sedan was a useless waste of life he surrendered to the King of Prussia.

The King of Prussia accepted Napoleon's surrender, but his terms were hard. He demanded the surrender of the whole army as prisoners of war, together with all arms and baggage.

Crushed though he was, Napoleon could not at first make up his mind to submit to these conditions and he resolved to see the King to try and get better terms. So at 5 o'clock next morning he set out. But as the Emperor drove along he was met by Bismarck. Together they turned aside into a little weaver's cottage which stood by the road to talk.

At first the talk began in a tiny room upstairs, but it was dirty and close, so after a time, as the morning was clear and sunny, Bismarck ordered two chairs to be brought out to the front of the cottage. And there the fallen Emperor and the triumphant statesman finished their talk.

It was of no avail and the terms remained the same. The King sent his royal prisoner to Germany to the castle of Wilhelmshohe, where once his uncle, Jerome, had played at being King of Westphalia. So the last Emperor of the French passed out of his country forever, a captive.

Napoleon went sadly on his way. But he was not yet without hope. He was still Emperor, he was still a dreamer. The Empress would make peace, he thought, and he would return once more to France. But these dreams were soon at an end. As the train stopped at a station on the way to Wilhelmshohe the newspaper boys were excitedly yelling the news, "Fall of the Empire! Flight of the Empress!"

It was in this way that Napoleon III. learned that the empire for which he had schemed and plotted had gone from him forever.

"Follow my White Plume," Cried Henry

Complex Politics, Taking in Many Centuries, Simply Told, So All Can Understand

Before Napoleon left France he had been allowed to send a telegram to the Empress. It was very short. "The whole army is defeated and captive," it ran, "and I am a prisoner."

This was the first news of the awful disaster to reach Paris. Shortly before some one came to the Empress with the rumor that the Emperor was a captive. The Empress had a warlike spirit. She had urged her husband to the war, never doubting of success. She would not now believe in the disgrace of surrender.

The Emperor a captive! With flashing eyes she turned upon the speaker.

"You lie!" she cried. "He is dead!"

A little later the telegram was handed to her.

TOOK THE CLUB WITH HER

"You'd be amused to hear how every member of our club was induced to come out to this suburban place and settle, my dear," said Mrs. Van Alstyne to the old chum who was visiting her. "Last time you came to see me I lived in Brooklyn and thought I would die there. Well, so did every member of our bridge club, and every one of them lives here now. Would you like to hear the story?

"Well, this particular real estate agent had been after me for months. I do think the place is lovely. Fred was willing to come, it would be fine for the children, but I hated to leave the club. We did—we do, have such splendid times.

"Well, the agent wormed the real reason out of me. They are persistent, you know. And he said:

"'Take the club with you.'

"I told him it was impossible.

"'Try it,' he insisted.

"He offered to give us a br ge party, all the club members out here, as guests of the company. He would send a machine that would take us all out and bring us back.

"And then he talked so much about sitting on the piazza, with the lovely view stretched before us, that I began to think it would be nice. He even offered to furnish refreshments, and his wife promised to send a splendid five story cake for one of the prizes. My dear, you've no idea, unless you've met one of them, how persistent these real estate people are. They'll do anything to sell you a lot!

"Well, the club members all agreed to go, and it certainly was lovely to sit on the porch and play bridge and look at the view all at the same time. Of course they drove us all around the property first, and the agent showed us the plot he said I was going to buy—only I took another one afterward—and he showed the others places that would be fine for homes and, would you believe, all got so enthusiastic until I thought they would all buy plots then and there.

"And you ought to have seen the cake he presented me. He said it would do for the booby prize. But I said it was a shame to give it to the worst player, so Mrs. Bertie Jones and I—we had got up the party—agreed to divide it, and we did it up in the box to take home.

"When we got packed in the machine to go home again, prizes and all, we had an accident half way to the city. A tire burst. So we had to pile out and take a train home, and the prizes and the cake too were left in the machine, to be sent down by express the next day. Yes, the agent offered to do it all. He even paid for our tickets to town.

"And the next day everything came down but the cake. We never got that lovely cake. No one seemed to know what became of it. I really believe the boys in the garage ate it up. It was a peach.

"And the agent felt so sorry about it that he offered us another party in two weeks. His wife would bake us another cake too. And she did. By that time Mrs. Jones and I were looking at lots, and we bought them and built our houses the next spring. That was two years ago. And those bridge parties got to be a regular thing, every two weeks, until every member of the club got so in love with the place, and so used to it, that they've all bought lots. They all live here now, except two or three, and these come up so often to superintend the houses they are building that they might as well live here all the time.

"And the company's bridge parties? Well, no. They don't give them any more. Not to us. I believe the agent has another set of women he's bringing up to bridge parties now. Some people Mrs. Bertie Jones introduced him to. She's got awfully interested in the place lately. I tell her she must be making some money out of it. I don't know whether the agent's wife bakes cakes for this new set of women or not. Perhaps she does."